So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A flakie darkenesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudy strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
But one thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leasure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweete discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon,
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew be valiant and speede well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentilemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke one my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the ghost of prince Ed. son to Henry the sixt
Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

Of

Of butchered Princes fight in thy beh
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts
Enter the Ghost of Henry the
Gost to K. Ric. When I was mortall my
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispair
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and d
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou
Harrie that Prophesied thou shouldst
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue a
Enter the Ghost of Clarence
Ghost. Let me sit heauy one thy soul
I that was washt to death with full sor
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd t
To morrow in the battell thinke on m
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire
To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue a
Enter the ghosts of Riuers, Gr
Riu. Let me sit heauy one thy soule
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, dispaire a
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and w
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wr
Will conquer him, awake and win th
Enter the ghost of L. Hastin
Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily a
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes
Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire an
To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, aw
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Eng*
Enter the Ghost of two yon
Ghost. Dreame on thy cousens smot
Let vs be layd with in thy bosome *R*
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shan
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispai
To *Rj.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in pea

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)